

The Toike Oike

University of Toronto's Humour Newspaper Since 1911

empty can of brisk touches space obelisk, learns power of killing

CHOOSE YOUR OWN EDUCATION® 81

INVADERS OF THE DOUBLE COHORT

By The Toike Oike

OH. FUCK.

BONUS
CENTREFOLD
SEE PAGE 6!



The Toike Oike

Volume XCVII - Issue I, 2003

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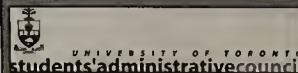
WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an ice tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month on the Saturday following distribution. Viva la revolution!

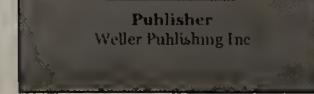
DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.

SKULE



Publisher
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Editorial

DON'T SWEAT THE SMALL STUFF

I was walking home from work at a quarter past four on August 14, 2003, when the eastern seaboard blacked out and all hell broke loose. Luckily, my three years working for this newspaper has given me a lighter perspective on life. I simply walked up Spadina in the middle of the streetcar lane (when else can you do that?) with a nectarine in hand, *enjoying the Apocalypse*. I didn't even break a sweat.

Now, without further ado, welcome to the 2003-2004 publishing year of the Toike Oike. Hmm. What's new? You may have seen our new stands around campus. Many thanks to Ashley Morton and the SAC Clubs' Commission for helping us find a permanent home. I'd also like to retroactively thank the Varsity for *borrowing* their stands last year in our time of need. Heh heh.

A special welcome to the double cohort. You gave us a fun cover to play with and I hope you like it. It should be an interesting year, and you're getting a good deal. We'll put in our blood, sweat, and tears, and all you have

to do is read! So don't sweat the small stuff. We've got you covered.

Thanks to everyone who pitched in over the summer. It was a skeleton crew but we made it happen!

If you're interested in helping us out this year, then come to our first meeting. It's advertised just below and to the right. Take a gander. If you can't figure out where our office is, take a look at the map on page 6 and you'll get a general idea of where to look around. You can't miss us... we're in the basement hidden in a corner somewhere!

It's getting late and I need to finalize this issue before we print our proofs. Enjoy the issue and I hope to hear your thoughts soon!

Kevin Au
Toike Editor
2003-2004

The Toike Oike Top Nine List (because 10 is so cliché)

"Top 9 things you'll wake up to after some serious partying at frosh nite"

9. In bed with U of T President R.J. Birgeneau and SAC Prez Ashley Morton.
8. On a one-way flight to Australia.
7. The year 2039, in a slumber tube at U of T's Mars Campus.
6. A body bag.
5. On a bench in Queen's Park with a sore bum, wearing a red baseball hat.
4. The letter "O".
3. A severed horse's head in your bed.
2. An acne electro-clamp attached to your scrotum and a trained monkey across the room holding the trigger.
1. Nobody, you pathetic no-action-getting-loser.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

This is a transcript of a recent e-mail correspondence I had with Toike Taken. Yes, you read that right. Toike is a 24-year-old technician from Rijswijk (Zhi), the Netherlands. She wrote to me in an earnest search to discover the roots of her name.

Hi,

Hi Kevin,

I looked up Toike with google and found your site. I like the name, but am wondering how you got it. Could you tell me where the name comes from?

Yes, I was born and registered as Toike!

Thanks,
Toike Taken

My folks always told me that they made it up because it sounds so nice with my last name. I therefore figured that I was the only one with this name. The reactions of other people only confirmed my presumptions. People actually hang up the phone if I start spelling my name after having said it twice. I also got in a fight with a guy who thought I was lying to him (as if I could come up with such a name...)?

Recently I found a picture of the "Toike Okestro from 1925-1926", but being named after a couple of dead musicians didn't do it for me. There are a few Japanese people with Toike as a last name, but that doesn't do it either.

I don't know if being named after the most frequently used sentence of a misinterpreted janitor is any better....?

But it's nice to have some fun stories regarding my name, because the first question people ask after they finally

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Best Student Pub

-2002 eye magazine reader's poll



einstein

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Monday: Man Vs. Martini

Tuesday: Toonie Toosdays

Wednesday: Open Mike Nite

Thursday: Pub Rules & Prices

Friday: Apres Suds!

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THE TOIKE OIKE'S FIRST MEETING OF THE YEAR WILL BE HELD:

THURSDAY

SEPTEMBER 11, 2003

6:30PM

SANDFORD FLEMING

ROOM 1101

understand my name (mostly accomplished by spelling it is). Where does it come from?" The only, somewhat interesting, answer I have came up with is: "it's Swedish". It's funny to see that the interest increases after that and maybe even more funny that they'll believe anything I tell them. I always have fun with the irritating guys, when I go out, by telling them made up stories to see how for I can go until they start to question them. I figure if they start with complimenting me on my looks in the most disrespecting way, I don't have to honest with them anymore. I believe I can have a lot more fun if I can refer to a "historic" pronunciation of a Canadian janitor.

Thanks for replying,
Gr. Toike



(This is really her picture to the left)

Is Toike your given name? Could you tell me where yours comes from??

Kevin Au, Toike Editor

News Briefs

GUM SHAT OUT AFTER SEVEN YEARS

After seven long years of digestion, a piece of gum was passed during a bowel movement earlier this week. The piece of gum, swallowed by Jason Steiner in fifth grade during a Remembrance Day assembly, had spent seven years in his stomach and intestine. Steiner, now 17, was not affected in any way by the gum's passing.

MARS SOCIETY GETS RARE THRILL

On August 27, members of the Mars Society of Canada were treated to a rare thrill when our red neighbour came closer to the Earth than it has in 60,000 years. When Mars was at its closest to Earth, it was less than 55.76 million kilometers away. Pete Jenkins, avid Mars enthusiast and long time member of the MSC Toronto chapter, considers this celestial phenomenon to be a groundbreaking event. "This is the best thing to ever happen to MSC," said Jenkins. "Crucial telescope viewing will take place as well as many conversations about life on Mars. Are there Martian women? If so, are they promiscuous? These are the important questions facing the MSC." Jenkins added, "And it makes it so easy to travel there at night in our spaceship. If I leave at 11:30, I can be home before sunrise."

MAN IN INTERNET CAFÉ PEEKS INTO OTHER BOOTH

Last Thursday at a Yonge Street Internet café, a man peeked into the booth beside him during his daily visit. The booth was occupied at the time by a pair of students checking their e-mail. The man allegedly peeked into the booth with a look of curiosity and deviancy. Jeff Holloway, the student who spotted the peeker, told his friend about the invasion of privacy, and hit his fist against his open hand, implying the punishment that awaits any other deviant sneaky peeker. The student then made an elbow movement to further demonstrate his anger. A few minutes of awkwardness ensued where both parties awaited a move. Finally the lone sneaker left and caught another quick glimpse of the students as he walked by them. The students glared silently. Once the man was gone, they began to chuckle with an air of cheekiness.

STUDENT BUILDS UP NERVE TO BUY ROPE FROM CONVENIENCE STORE

Mitchell Gagnon, a student at U of T, spent nearly one hour at a convenience store trying to build up the nerve to add a bundle of rope to his shopping cart. Gagnon, the third year Catholic student, plans to use the rope later in the evening as an object of foreplay with his girlfriend. It would be Gagnon's first time introducing rope to his sex-play. Other items in the cart include candies, water guns, and a shaving machine.

MADONNA A PERFECT FIT FOR GAP



"Madonna fits in perfectly with our vision," said Gap PR Julie Lee. "Madonna just screams Gap. I look at Madonna, I think Gap. So we are very pleased to have her on board."

Following the success of the hugely popular Gay commercials starring Madonna and Missy Elliott, Madonna has signed a lucrative multi-year deal with the clothing empire.

"Madonna fits in perfectly with our vision," said Gap PR Julie Lee. "Madonna just screams Gap. I look at Madonna, I think Gap. So we are very pleased to have her on board."

CHOOSE YOUR OWN EDUCATION® 81

There is a magical place on this green Earth of ours. It is a land between adulthood and childhood, work and play, life and death. This place is called University, and YOU are in it. Time has no meaning here. Daily schedules? Forget it. Life here is about living by the seat of your pants, so every decision counts. It's just like those Choose Your Own Adventure books you used to read. Your mind is groggy and you can't remember what day it is, or where you are. Empty Twinkie wrappers are strewn across the floor. Your clothes appear to be slowly escaping from every available crevice. Cheap Imaginix posters clutter up the walls. This must be your residence room. A calendar says "September 2003," and the words "GO TO CLASS" are written on every weekday of the month. Oh that's right, you have lecture in 5 minutes! Just as the thought registers, your stomach rumbles in protest. It would appear that other priorities may be in order. You'll probably be late for lecture if you leave now. Do you:

- 1) Start reading here
- 2) Pick a choice
- 3) Look for the corresponding number throughout the Toke
- 4) No cheating!

Now, if only life was really that easy...

1 THE BEGINNING

You wake up in a cold sweat. Something about your sleep left a bad taste in your mouth (and we're not talking about your halitosis). Lazy sunlight drifts through the window. Your mind is groggy and you can't remember what day it is, or where you are. Empty Twinkie wrappers are strewn across the floor. Your clothes appear to be slowly escaping from every available crevice. Cheap Imaginix posters clutter up the walls. This must be your residence room. A calendar says "September 2003," and the words "GO TO CLASS" are written on every weekday of the month. Oh that's right, you have lecture in 5 minutes! Just as the thought registers, your stomach rumbles in protest. It would appear that other priorities may be in order. You'll probably be late for lecture if you leave now. Do you:

- Go to lecture? Go to 19
- Eat some food?? Go to 5
- Go back to sleep? Go to 12

2 HOTTIE

You walk up to the good-looking guy/girl. Let's call him/her Pat. One look at Pat, and you are a goner. Leaning a little to the left on the counter, Pat's oozing with attractiveness, visibly dripping from various delicious pores. You discreetly stuff too many pieces of gum into your mouth and immediately regret it. You look back at Pat, vigorously chewing. Now Pat's talking to someone, so animated, yet so calm, so witty, yet so subtle, so flirty, yet down to earth. And good god, what a body. Makes you picture yourself on top of Pat, looking at that slightly sweaty gorgeous face in a moment of eager ecstasy... "Today's experiment is to make polysulphur nitride. Follow the instructions closely", you hear the professor say. Damn, you really need a partner. You look at the Nerd again. He is now fumbling with his PDA, muttering something about un-limiting reagents. The stoner doesn't seem to have moved or breathed in the last three minutes, with the same satisfied, however empty, expression on his face. And then there's Pat. You nervously abuse your jaw some more before spitting out the huge wad of gum. It's not too late to chicken out:

- You'll go with the geek. Go to 20
- You'll stick with the stoner dude. Go to 7
- PAT, Pat. Pat. Pat. Pat. Go to 17

3 SUSHI

You walk into a shi-shi-foo-foo sushi restaurant with beaming Asian people serving you. Everything is so clean, shiny, aerodynamic and compact. You look at the menu. You really love maki rolls. Who knew raw fish, rice and seaweed could be so tasty? Then there's the bento box. This monster-sized deep-fried haven includes pounds of tempura, fatty teriyaki beef, heaps of rice and dozens of gyozas. Are you going to have your nose stuck in the air, preach about "amino acids" and pay too much money for bite-sized pieces of art, or are you going to sell out and eat "white-people" Japanese food, which is equivalent to sweet and sour chicken balls passed off as Chinese food?

- Maki me! Go to 10
- Big Bento Box. Go to 16

Outraged Student Attempts ROSI Assassination

LATER REVEALED TO HAVE BEEN JUST A STALKY YOUNG CHILD IN A RED SWEATSHIRT

TORONTO- After spending the hours between 6:00am and 6:00pm attempting to sign on to the Repository of Student Information (ROSI), James Dannon, of Trinity College was becoming frustrated. Sick of ROSI's smiling face mocking him as he was told over and over again that he was unable to log on, James grabbed a Smirnoff Ice from his mini-fridge. He drank most, but not all of it before leaving his apartment in a fit of rage. According to police, "Dannon left the excess liquid in the bottle so that upon spotting his victim, he was able to smash the bottle on a table with a sweet splashing effect, rendering the bottle lethal, or at least threateningly pointy." When Dannon noticed a small figure clad in a red shirt, blue sneakers, and a spinning beanie hat, he erroneously recognized 5-year-old Brandon Wayland as the very ROSI who was preventing him from enrolling in his first-choice classes. He began poking the child with his less-than-effective weapon. Luckily, Wayland escaped the scene unharmed after a nearby police officer apprehended Dannon. U of T Campus Police Officer Ron Thompson, who observed the entire event and left the "tricky" stuff to the real police, noted that, "I can see how it would be easy to confuse a child's twirling beanie hat for that abstract representation of the CN Tower or whatever it is on top of ROSI's head." Unable to be reached for questioning, ROSI's lawyer released the following statement: "Login was NOT successful. Try again later."

Annie Unnold



Left: Brandon Wayland. Right: That damn ROSI thing.

DISPATCHES FROM THE FRONT LINES:

PEY CORRESPONDENT, LOCATION UNDISCLOSED



Some engineers decide to work for a year - their "Professional Experience Year". This is one man's story.

08:11 Just entered the Compound. That fucking asshole security guard

at the door never says hello to me. I've been here for four months, and I always smile at him. All he does is stare right through me; a cold-blooded stare that almost dares me to try something. One day he'll get his just desserts. He doesn't know I'm a yellow-belt in judo. I like to keep that a secret... it makes me more dangerous when I have to resort to deadly force, the kind that will rip him a new asshole when I finally snap one day. Stay tuned for that one.

09:12 Here's a tip that any vet will tell you saved their life on many occasions. It's what separates the men from the boys. It's how you can tell a green recruit from a battle-hardened instrument of war. It's called a rear-view mirror. Let me explain.

Situational awareness is a necessity to avoid getting ambushed in the field. When you are glued to your monitor, you leave yourself wide open for an attack from behind, where you are weakest. This can be especially deadly if you happen to be on www.daytona.orgisgonewild.com when the boss walks in.

Go to Canadian Tire, and pick up a cheap rear-view mirror; the type that is usually mounted on a bicycle. Glue that shit to the top of your monitor, ensuring that you can see the door of your cubicle when you are sitting at your computer. The human eye is attracted to movement, so you will get an instant warning when someone is approaching. It'll buy you just enough time to hit Alt-Tab and open up a decoy Excel spreadsheet. If you move the mouse, you are a dead man. The sudden startled movement will give you away instantly.

11:45 Lunch time. Hmmm, what to eat? Well, considering my office is in the middle of nowhere, I have 4 choices:

- 1) Cafeteria special
- 2) Cafeteria special
- 3) Cafeteria special
- 4) Starve

Option 2 sounds the most appetizing.

12:02 They let us eat outside when the weather is nice. Even prison inmates get a little sunshine every now and then.

14:30 I just got called for a meeting in the War Room. Whenever we use the War Room, it usually means there is some serious shit going down, but at least the chairs are comfortable. Big leather executive jobbies, plus they get the hot administrative assistant Amber to bring in fruit trays and coffee. I hope the boss starts talking, so I can get some sleep here...

14:40 Zzzzzzzzz...

14:51 What the?? Um.... Sir, I agree 100%. There is no other option. Yes, it can be implemented by end of business tomorrow. Of course, sir, you know you can rely on me.

14:52 (Passed note to guy beside me): What did I just agree to?

14:52 (Returned note): You just promised VP Operations that you would improve production capacity by 30% to meet customer demand.

14:52 (Reply): Fuck me!

15:11 Meeting adjourned. The fruit tray, however, is coming with me. Hands off, bitches!

15:20 I hate dealing with other companies. Watching two huge companies work together on anything is like watching an elephant and a whale mate. Even if one eventually manages to find the pleasure zone of the other, the reproductive organs probably don't fit together, and if they do, you still end up with some fucked-up offspring.

15:55 Oh shit, it's that fat cow from Logistics' last day today. I think she got shipped off to another plant. I think she should get shipped off to New Zealand, the farther, the better. She's going to want to say goodbye to me, and I'm not going to let that happen. She's three cubicles away, and I'm coming up. She hasn't made eye contact with me yet, it's time for action.

16:01 Okay, time for a distraction. I knew these cherry bombs would come in handy soon. Never leave home without them.

lights the cherry bomb, tosses it into the next cubicle BOOM! I just dove out the door of my cubicle, and rolled across the hall into the office supply room. My chair is still slowly spinning, and everyone looks confused. I think I made it. I just hope that no one needs any...

16:02 Hi, Amber! What am I doing in the supply room? Just looking for... er... *fumbling in pocket for next cherry bomb* What are you doing in here? Liquid paper? We don't have that anymore, didn't you get the memo? Corporate says there are health risks. Yeah, sorry about that. Listen, you're not gonna tell anyone that I was... uh... no? Awesome. *stops looking for cherry bomb* I owe you one. Can I buy you lunch tomorrow? You're meeting your boyfriend? I see.

16:34 Amber's long gone, I'm still hiding in the supply room, and I feel like a loser. I just got turned down by a 17 year-old administrative assistant intern. I'm getting the hell out of here in one more hour, when I can be sure the office is empty.

17:40 Another exciting day at the office. It's only as good as you make of it. PEY correspondent, signing out. More dispatches to follow.

P-Dub

5 EAT

The sun dazzles you as your stomach rumbles in protest. It's a good thing you decided to get food because you've never been so damn hungry in your life. The smell of a nearby hot dog stand wafts into your nostrils. Scared un-meat has never smelled so good! If you're feeling more upscale, there's tons of sushi on Bloor to explore. You could, of course, skimp on the food and go straight to the liquids. There's a rowdy pub around the corner that will solve all of your problems. What'll it be?

- Sweet street meat. Go to 14
- Sushi. Go to 3
- The pub. Go to 21

4 FIGHT

You muster some courage and prepare to enter the fray. What do you wish to take as your weapon?

- A big heavy textbook. Go to 11
- A pencil in one hand, a ruler in the other. Go to 8

ROOMMATE™ PRANKS! THIS MONTH: MICROWAVE HUMOUR

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Concept: Laurent Moonen Sketch: Alex Sun Assembly: Kevin Au

What to Do When You Flunk Out

For one reason or another, some of us just can't hack it. Despite your best efforts, many of you will flunk out of school. It may be because you drank too much, imbibed too much liquor, or merely consumed too many alcoholic beverages. But one day, you'll wake up to find that your GPA is lower than your blood alcohol level. However, don't despair, because I'm here to help.

First off, don't panic. There'll be plenty of time for that after your parents find out you've wasted thousands of dollars of theirs, and send you off to work in the mines. Instead, drink tequila shots until you throw up, and sleep with a complete stranger. While this is probably the reason you flunked out in the first place, it's now an essential part of the solution to your problem.

After you've gotten that last bit of fun out of your system, it's time to join the real world. Peruse the wanted ads. Start with something in the fast food industry; it's not too difficult. If you were in a drama program, it's probably where you would have ended up anyway. Just think of it as saving four years of your life that you probably would've wasted on that silly degree.

If sneezing on burgers isn't your thing, you can always try the construction racket. True, the hours are long, the work is hard, and you have to work outdoors in unforgiving Canadian winters. However, every once in a while when no one's around, you can take a leak in the corner of somebody's unfinished basement. It's an excellent way to

make a point about the plight of the former university student while at the same time emptying your bladder.

When you've exhausted all other employment opportunities, it might be a good idea to serve your country, and join our beleaguered and semi-nonexistent armed forces. It could be dangerous, but at this point you can't afford to choose. Being in the army is almost the same as being in university, the food is bad, you live with a bunch of people you've never met before, and every once in a while you participate in a running gun battle. The only difference is, the army pays you, and there's a lot more beer there.

If all else fails, you can bite the bullet, and try your hand at begging. The newly renovated corner of College Street and King's College Road allows for maximum flow through of pedestrian traffic, with opulent surroundings, and ample seating space. As a bonus, some of your former professors might walk by, giving you a chance to recoup some of the money you've spent. This way, you could party for months and end up as a hobo.

While there may be other options, I feel this is probably a good guideline for what you should do when they boot your ass outta here. It's safe, efficient, and worked for me. See you on the corner everybody, and please, give generously. I'm trying to pay off my student loans.

6 RIGHT ON!

As you begin to mix the chemicals you realize that you have forgotten all of your high school chemistry, and that you have no skills whatsoever. Pouring the reagents together seems like the most appropriate method, so you grab the largest beaker you can find and start dumping the reagents in. The mixture changes to a deep blue colour and begins to bubble. Cool, something good must be happening. A few of the other students are stirring their mixtures and that seems like a good idea. If everyone else is doing it at least you'll all be wrong together, right? You begin to stir the liquid and just as you start feeling pretty good about how the experiment is going, your mixture heats up and begins to boil. Soon enough it's too hot to touch and is spilling onto the lab bench. Oh shit! Suddenly it explodes, sending shards of glass into your face!!! The blast sends you flying across the room and your last memory before you die is the searing pain of a thousand glass shards embedded in your flesh.

You Die**7 THE DUDE**

As you make your way to the back of the room you notice an aroma of smoke and burnt leaves. The distinct smell becomes increasingly more intense as you approach the guy in the back. The hooded guy with red eyes doesn't notice you until you say "Hi, man, you still need a lab partner?" "Uh, yeah man, uh, that would be cool," he responds. The next minute was silent. "Man, I can't even think right now after that can you lit up before class... aw, it was great..." he continues, unaware of the lapse of time. "Oh boy, you think to yourself, What is this guy talking about?" — like a baseball bat... Maybe he's a sports fan? — knock you into outer space man... "Maybe not. The instructor's terrible bark can barely be heard from the back corner. "Today's experiment... be careful... dangerous..." What? The entire class moves to collect the various chemicals. You follow them hoping to find out what to do at the same time. You copy the other students and scoop some yellow powder into a beaker and pour some liquid from a flask marked "Acid" into another beaker. "Oh, I know how to do this," says your lab partner. You don't quite trust him, but you have no idea what to do yourself.

- Let the Dude take care of things. Go to 9
- Do the experiment yourself. Go to 6

Local Company Offers Nonsense Approach to Network Solutions

Logan-Mitchner Ltd., a local network solutions firm, has been receiving many complaints from businesses in the GTA since they initiated an unorthodox "nonsense" policy earlier this year.

Clients of the firm are outraged at the poor service and level of professionalism they have been receiving since Logan-Mitchner came under new management in April of 2003.

Jim Longshank, network support supervisor for Markham data entry contractor DataServe, is upset with the treatment he received when he called Logan-Mitchner technical support after his network went down.

"I called tech support and nobody answered," recalls Longshank. "So I left a message, but their answering machine had one of those messages where somebody says 'Hello, hello?' as if you were really talking with someone. Then I realized it was one of those gag messages. You can imagine my surprise. Such nonsense!"

Three weeks passed until Logan-Mitchner contacted Longshank. By that time, the

company had suffered \$2.7 million in lost revenue.

Bud Mullerbeck, chief operations manager of leading bio-medical corporation BioPharm, met with Logan-Mitchner president Jim Von Vonnyonne in a preliminary meeting regarding a potential multi-year contract. Mullerbeck stormed out of the meeting after five minutes.

"When we first shook hands he electrocuted me with one of those hand zappers," remembers Mullerbeck. "Then he introduced himself as Indiana Jones. I didn't know what to make of it. He wasn't very professional. I tried to discuss putting a contract in place but he didn't seem interested at all. He just kept talking about his athlete's foot. I decided I'd had enough nonsense after he invited me to an orgy. Call me old-fashioned, but that's not the way I do business."

Logan-Mitchner have lost 95 percent of their clientele since Von Vonnyonne took over last April, and will almost certainly alienate their remaining customers when they terminate their longstanding hassle-free policy next year.

Dave McKenna

Must See TV

BY NUKE LA LOOSH

As the new school year dawns, so does a brand new season of television. Desperate for the next smash hit, networks will stop at nothing to achieve primetime supremacy. Here are five brand-spanking new shows set to debut this fall on ABC and HBO.

8 Simple Rules For Fucking Your Teenage Daughter

This smash hit returns for a second season, but without lead actor John Ritter. The network believed he wasn't creepy and perverted enough, so they brought in veteran pervert creep R. Kelly to fill his shoes. Join in his exploits as he tries to balance family life with an incessant need for 15-year-old booty. Guest starring Kelly's lawyer and parole officer.

The Molester

The Bachelor is back, but with a twist. Riding the coattails of a scandalous documentary, Michael Jackson has been granted his very own TV show by the sick fucks at ABC. Follow Michael and the children as they prance around Neverland, play with the lions, tigers, giraffes, and monkeys, and play hide-the-rainbow-rope in the pool. One lucky boy gets sent packing every week with a hefty bribe, and the instructions to keep his mouth shut. The show also deals with the business side of Jackson's life. He recently released a men's suit clothing line in Japan, which is being met with great success. Watch as Michael unveils his next clothing venture: getting into boys pants.

According to Sammy

Jim Belushi gets replaced by MLB All-star Sammy Sosa in this show's sophomore season. Apparently, Belushi's grungy look and mediocre comedic performance led to his dismissal. He has since gone on a drug binge, overdosed, and died. The first episode deals with the infamous corked bat scandal. We pick up with Sammy uncorking apologies, bottles of wine, and Louisville sluggers. A dialogue coach has been working with the Dominican star to improve his pronunciation and eliminate the phrase 'berry berry good' from his vocabulary. Guest-starring Mark McGwire as Sosa's drug dealer... errr... nutritional consultant.

Six Feet Under

HBO's multi-Emmy nominated series gets revamped for the new season. Viewers get to tour with the living dead: the Rolling Stones. Follow the band to Switzerland where Nazi doctors feed Mick, Keith and the gang human fetuses to replenish their stem cells. Watch the guys shop for diapers, take their medication, piss themselves, and complain about their prostates. The season premiere guest-stars young guns Rod Stewart and Bruce Springsteen. The two will assist with Mick's sponge bath, and Keith's soul-sucking voodoo rituals.

The Golden Girls

Join Sophia, Rose, Dorothy, and Virginia as they prance around New York looking for men to fuck. Actually, it's only Carrie, Miranda, Samantha, and Charlotte, but they might as well be the Golden Girls. Explore the world of granny sex with them as they coerce younger male goldiggers into having sex with them. Listen to their girl chat about the good old days, when they all had gentlemen callers and the Internet was a big fishnet used to snag Mexicans at the border. Watch them bitch about the young slut next door, played by Estelle Getty, who keeps stealing their men. This season's guest stars are Madonna and Cher, who both play Carrie and Miranda's children.

What happens
first
is you can't sleep . . .

What happens
then
is you're drawn to
the Park at night . . .

let me tell you about this park . . .

Rules of Suck Club

1. Don't talk, just suck.
2. Don't talk, just suck.
3. Wear a red hat.
4. Drop the soap.
5. Don't get caught!
6. When the suck is done, walk away.
7. Reciprocate.
8. No interference with a suck in progress.

and the final rule:

If this is your first time
then
you must suck . . .

We meet every
night after 9 PM.
New comers
welcome. Just follow
the rules.



Robarts Hotel and Casino

Enjoy a 1 year stay in a study room at this 0-star accommodation for only \$50. All the books you can read, but don't get caught boiling cabbage by the janitors, or the job is up!

Artsie Land

You must be over 4' tall to be admitted into this zone. That's the only requirement.

Gift Shop

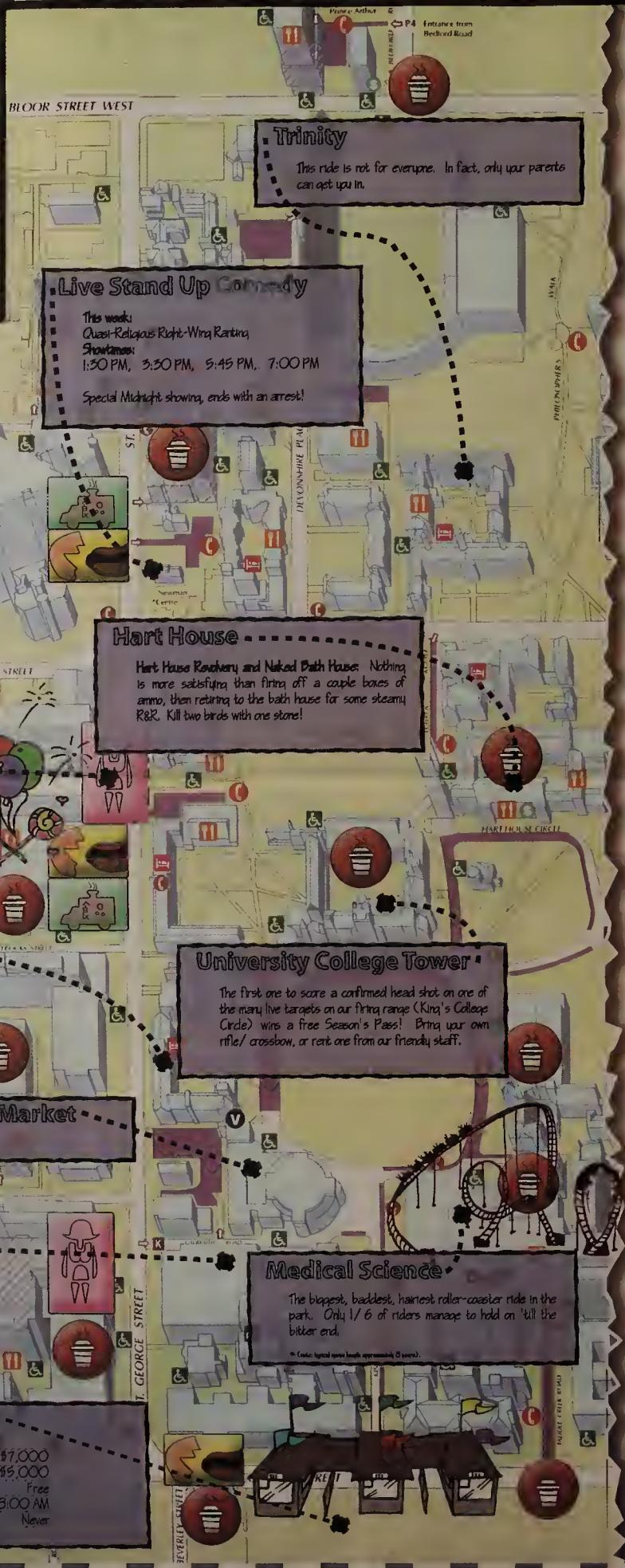
Bring back some souvenirs from your trip to Paramount Birgeneau's Wonderland that will last a lifetime. Ulcers, lost/ grey hair, immense debt, we have it all!

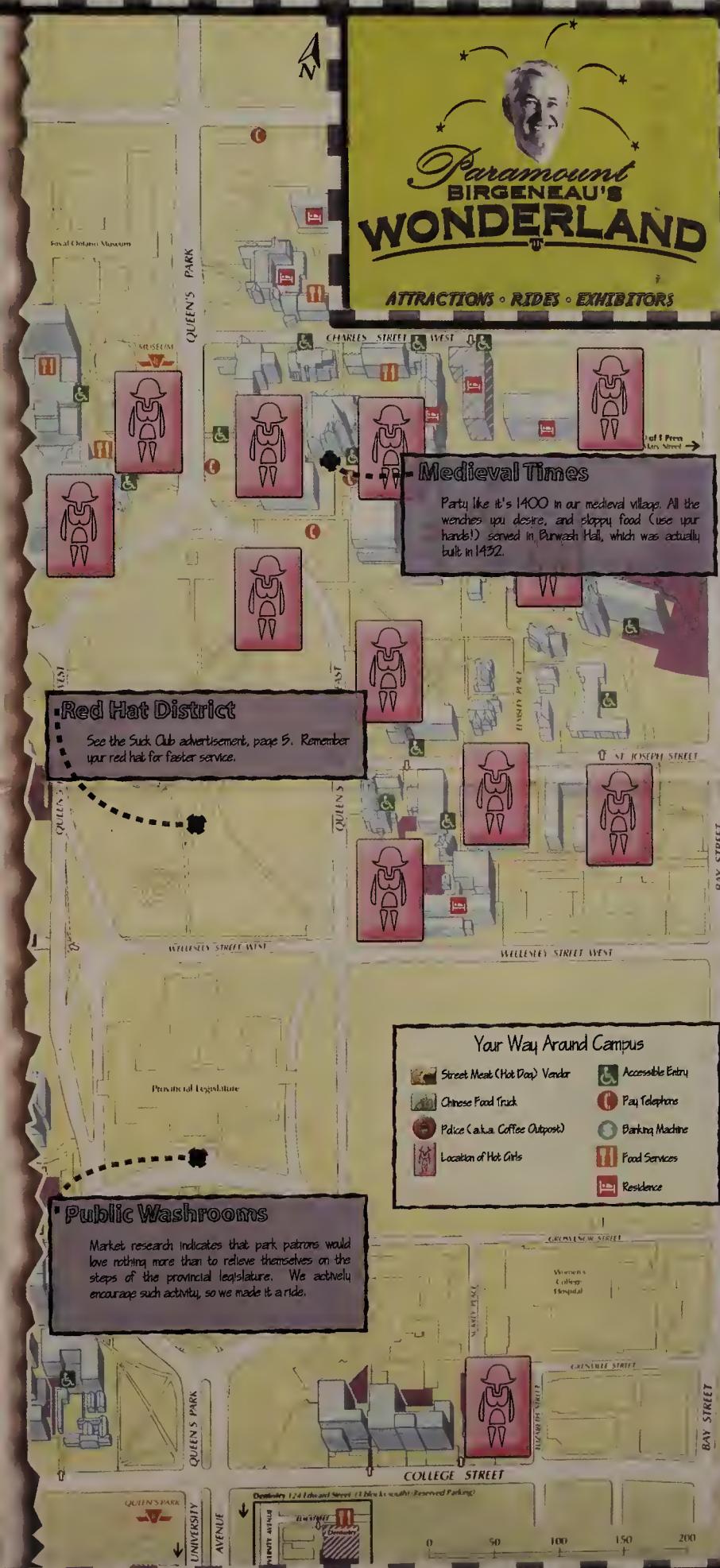
Engineering

With all the lab equipment here, it's not only extremely dangerous; it's educational too! Bring the kids (now admitting 17 year olds as well.) Don't miss the Cannon Firing, every night at 3:00AM. This is also where the Toike Oike offices are located.

Park Entrance

Admission:	
Engineers:	\$1,000
Arts & Science:	\$5,000
Graduates:	Free
Opens:	September 2, 8:00 AM
Closes:	Never





8 DOING IT TO THE DEATH

Remembering a scene from an old John Woo flick, you decide to go akimbo. You stab and smash your way through to the front of the room. Underneath the podium you see the professor in the fetal position, slowly rocking back and forth. "Make it stop..." he repeats continuously. At once you are struck by the depravity of his situation. You think about all of the students that you've just struck down in cold blood. They were just like you. "Why can't we just all get along?" a panicked student yells as she is struck down by a huge backpack. Her words echo in your ears and you raise your hands and see that they are covered in blood. Your will to fight is gone. The pencil and ruler slip out of your hands. You see a flash in the corner of your eye. Before you even know it, you're on the ground and blood is spurting from your neck. Just before you black out, you realize that there's a pencil embedded in your jugular. So much for university...

You Die

9 CELEBRATION

The red eyed stoner begins to pour the reagents together. The concoction immediately begins to boil over, but your lab partner doesn't notice. He seems to have an uncanny knowledge of chemistry. Only someone with years of mixing chemicals could possibly be this confident around such toxins. You begin to wonder where he obtained such proficiency, but he answers your unspoken question by saying, "Man, this is just like making up a batch in my bathtub, only a lot smaller of course." Huh? Whatever... the red eyed stoner had mixed everything in perfect stoichiometric proportions and the experiment is a complete success. You didn't even have to do anything! If only all four years of university were this easy! "This calls for a celebration," you say. "Yeah, I got some stuff that'll make this look like child's play," the dude says as he pulls an enormous joint from his pocket. Do you:

- Smoke the joint. Go to 21
- Go back to rez. Go to 1

excitement
not going
anywhere?

9-10-1 CAREER
is waiting for you

Build both confidence and stamina by pushing yourself. Experience both vertical and horizontal integration.

Push your body and mind with amounts of caffeine that are typically beyond safe medical limits just because you like to live on the edge.

TEXTBOOK

Discretion is the better part of valour, or so the saying goes. Your thirty pound textbook turns out to be an excellent defensive shield. With each deflected blow you lose a chunk of your textbook; however, there's just so much paper that you have nothing to worry about. After twenty minutes, there are only a few people left standing. Congratulations, you've survived. The professor crawls out from behind the podium looking ruffled but otherwise uninjured. "Well now, shall we begin?" he says. You pick up a blood stained notebook from the ground and scribble furiously to keep up with the professor. He's written four blackboards worth of mathematical equations before you can write his name down. Damn, this guy is fast. By the end of the hour your hand has cramped up and you have an empty feeling inside. You watch the professor take a gold watch off a fallen student as he leaves the class. The lecture is over. What would you like to do now?

- Eat some food. Go to 5
- Attend your lab. Go to 15

12 DREAM

You feel a malaise come onto you like a fine mist and your head becomes heavy. Your heart slows as you lose control of your limbs. Out in the darkness, you see a light. You are on front campus. There are more lights now. Soon the horizon is full of them. A tremble shakes through the ground and up into your spine. Those things in the air are flying saucers! Ramps come down quickly and the horde is unleashed. Purple aliens pour out like water. They're here to take your place. This is the invasion of the double cohort! They're on top of you in a split second. Too many of them. Just... too many. Maybe 40% more... You scratch, you punch and you are overwhelmed. Darkness takes you again, and you are falling... falling...

- Go to 1

13 PAT

Pat is waiting for you. Trying your best to smile coyly, you say: "Hey, do you need a partner? Um, I mean, for the experiment?" God, I am so stupid, you think to yourself as memories of every painful rejection you've ever had surface in violent ebbs. You are filled with that traumatizing combination of nervousness, low self-esteem, and love at first sight. Pat lifts those hazel-green eyes up to speak: "Yeah, sure." You swallow. Hard. Twice. You come closer to Pat, who smells better than humanly possible. You are suddenly extremely aware of the state of your own personal hygiene, unsure if you are currently wearing clean underwear. You decide it's time to start the experiment. Pat walks away to grab the supplies as you watch, hungrily. You try to steady your hand as you handle different beakers, hoping Pat doesn't notice. "So, how do you like this class?" You ask, hoping desperately to start a conversation. Pat replies with a clever remark and a smile before charmingly continuing the conversation. You finally start to relax. Everything is perfect. You walk out of the experiment and see Pat almost everyday for the next three weeks. You reach an unprecedented constant state of euphoria. You are walking on clouds, looking through rose-tinted glasses, giggling like a schoolgirl. You become inseparable with Pat, the most wonderful being in the entire universe. You feel special. This continues until you find Pat in bed with your best friend as you come home with Pat's favourite food from Pat's favourite restaurant and an iced tea just the way Pat likes it. You run away screaming in horror. You eventually die of a broken heart the following year on an unnamed street in Paris. All alone.

You Die

10 I THINK I'M BETTER THAN YOU

You gobble down your non-meat product and decide to cross the road. After avoiding the sun by applying sunscreen all your life, recycling correctly, drinking eight glasses of water every day, giving to various worthwhile charities, and adopting more than 20 stray animals, you die. You get hit by a truck carrying recycled empty bottles of SPF30 sunscreen containers owned by the United Way which is driven by an active Humane Society volunteer who didn't see you crossing the road because he was too busy drinking his eighth glass of water for that day. See? Life is like a box of chocolates.

You Die

Best Wings**Best Student Pub**

-2002 eye magazine reader's poll



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where great
minds
drink alike

The Original College Tradition Since 9T6!

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("CE" on Campus map)

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COMEDY•JUKEBOX•EVENTS

INTRODUCTION TO THE**WORLD WIDE INTERNET WEB**

For Undergraduate Students

It is my pleasure to welcome you to U of T and to congratulate you on choosing this world-renowned institution for your undergraduate studies. In order to meet the new and exciting challenges awaiting you, proficiency in using the many resources we offer at U of T is essential. In addition to the Robarts Library and the Gerstein Science Information Center, you will have to make use of the World Wide Internet Web. I have taken time to write this brief introduction to the WWIW (more commonly referred to as the Internet) in order to ease your transition into post-secondary education.

One of the main things you will have to do during your undergraduate studies is conduct research. The Internet should be your primary source of information in any situation. However,

AmericanSingles.com
Send her a FREE tease

How about a date?
Nice photo!
Dinner? Movie?
tease me!

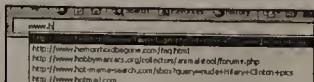
in order to harness the power of the Internet, you must first load it onto your computer by clicking twice on the large blue "e" icon found on your desktop. Make sure to click fast enough or you will only end up moving the icon slightly off to the side. By default, the Internet will open <http://www.yugioh-card.com>. There is a way to change this configuration but my son refuses to show me how. More importantly, you'll notice that there is a text box (called the address box) across the top of your window. The address box can either be used to perform searches or load Internet sites. Typing any topic you wish to research into the address will automatically search the Internet for all relevant sources and display them. If you know the address of a particular site you wish to load, you can also type that into the address box. These are the two most frequently used methods of viewing the Internet.

The Internet allows you to send one of three messages to a random person

guilty of spending more than a reasonable amount of time playing on-the-line games. I have listed some personal favourites that you may try for yourself, but be warned; they are quite challenging and can be very addictive. In your free time, try out:

- Punch the Monkey to win \$20
- Shoot the Duck for a prize
- Pop the Balloon for a Free Subscription
- Which one is Jennifer Aniston? (Particularly intense and challenging)

This introduction has covered all the essentials you will need to operate the Internet. Experiment on your own to discover the Internet's full potential. Also, please contact me if you know how to change the default start page of the Internet. Best wishes in your studies.



The address bar is commonly used for searching

Roger Edwards is a professor in the Faculty of Communications and Networking. He has contributed to and continues to work on developing leading-edge Internet technologies.

BAD WAYS TO BREAK THE ICE WITH YOUR NEW ROOMMATE

By P-DUB AND LORENZO (DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKES WE DID!!!)

14 STREET MEAT

You take two steps and are suddenly surrounded by hot-dog vendors. Their yellow and orange stands take their positions with stealth and strategy. You find yourself bombarded with signs advertising hot-dogs from various Eastern European countries like Poland and Germany. You gravitate towards a man boasting "the best fried onions: FREE" and ask for a dog. Now, are you a save the animals, don't wear fur, tree hugging, tofu eating freak or are you a kill the cows, run over the puppies, ruin the environment, red-meat eating jerk?

- Tofu. Go to 10
- All Beef. Go to 16

BACK TO SCHOOL: EVERYTHING MUST GO!

Remember when hearing the words "Back to school" meant stuffing your Ninja Turtle backpack with freshly unsharpened pencils, strapping on your new sneakers, and gleefully hounding towards the bus stop, eager for a new year to begin? Of course that was just last year. Although properly selecting the appropriate array of notebooks with multicoloured unicorns on them is still high on an incoming second year student's list of priorities, an undertaking exists that makes even the most stressful back-to-school supply decisions seem tawdry at best. That's correct; it's the ever important task of crushing your summerfling's heart in preparation for a year of 'swinging' at U of T.

With all those steamy summer nights to occupy, a boyfriend, or girlfriend, or at least a fuck buddy is pretty appealing around late May. But let's face it, once class registration crests over the horizon, the dead weight needs to go. Think of it this way. You know when sometimes a fly is buzzing around you, you kill it, and you get that satisfying feeling? Breaking someone's heart is kind of like that, but a little better, because insects don't have souls like people. Anyway, now that your reasons for dumping that boy or girl back home are rooted solidly in a similarly perverse metaphor, the task at hand can be completed.

Begin by not returning his or her phone calls. Come to think of it, return them, but just breathe heavily into the phone when you do. This won't actually indicate that you are breaking up with him or her, but if you're lucky, it will scar them enough emotionally that they will not want to be in a relationship. Next, put yourself on a website like Match.com, Lavalife.com or one of those other websites full of desperate people whose interests include cats, horseback riding, and needlecraft. Send your former flame a post card that says "Wish you were here", but be clever and change the "were" to "weren't" and the "here" to "my boyfriend/girlfriend". On the postcard, write down the link to your profile on Match.com. If this thoughtful gesture does not get the point across about you planning on being single in the near future, nothing will.

It is possible to execute this manoeuvre without feeling too hady about doing it? Probably not, but do yourself a favor and push those guilty feelings into your subconscious. You won't need to worry about that shame and remorse stuff until your mid-life crisis, so why bother suffering now? These are supposed to be the best years of your life, and even if they're not, you can at least

score some new and superficial university friends when you tell the story of how you ditched Betty or Johnny right before you left for school.

Don't forget to tell everyone you know about how bad he/she was in bed. Remember to use details like: size, endurance, and creativity, or better yet, the lack thereof. Maybe let it slip out that there was always some weird crust/stain/dampness/discoloration on your summer sweetie's sheets. Any other creative additions you can think of regarding odour/hairiness/foreign growths are always a plus. This not only lets your former love know that you are NOT sexually attracted to him/her, it also crushes their self-esteem and all hopes in life, hopefully for good. If you are lucky, they might even try to kill themselves! This will save you lots of time and energy, resources you can happily allocate to orally pleasuring random strangers.

Believe it or not, making the other person feel BAD makes you feel GOOD. That's all that really matters anyway: how you feel. Dumping the other person as painfully as possible will make you feel more attractive and desirable because your self-worth is ultimately measured by how much they suffer. You have to do it right, because the damage is should not only be powerful, but lasting, as well. To achieve this goal, you have to send notes of apology right after he/she recovers from the initial blow. Tell him/her how much you miss their company and how you behaved so poorly because you loved him/her so much. Cry. Whine. Look sad. Cry. Bring up intimate details. Look good. Apologize. Make them feel guilty. Ask for forgiveness but pretend you can't forgive yourself. Send out hand-written letters with tear-stains periodically that all start with "I told myself not to send this letter out to you, but there's just so much I want to say". Most importantly, tell them to move on. Tell them that you live each day with regret, and what hurts the most is that things will never be the same. Throw in something about how you'd give anything to go back to that July afternoon by the lake, right before the storm. This will really really mess them up. This ensures that they'll never bother you again because it's impossible to get over you. He/she will be conflicted and angry forever, preventing them from confronting you.

Following these steps will guarantee losing the awful baggage that was your significant other, and fully prepare you for a care-free, worry-free, STD-free school year.

The double cohort sucks. Unless you are the illegitimate son/daughter of President Birgeneau, if you are entering first year residence at U of T, you are definitely sharing a room with at least one, two, or even three roommates. You may even have to sleep in the same bed! It is in your best interests to make a good first impression. However, it is a *bad* idea to break the ice like this...

BAD ICE-BREAKER: A candle-light dinner in Queen's Park at 3:00 am, while wearing matching red baseball caps, drenched in Bison pheromones, and playing George Michael tunes on your ghetto blaster.

WHY IT'S BAD: This is way too romantic for an ice-breaker. You need to start off with something more casual to win his love and affection. Do take him to Queen's Park, but drop the whole candle-light dinner idea. Instead, play a game of strip-twister, or strip-snakes and ladders. And, why not invite the other Queen's Park patrons to make the game more interesting? The two of you will have hours and hours of fun, and while you're at it, you're bound to make new friends. Keep the George Michael music!

BAD ICE-BREAKER: Dressing up like a Mayan priest, performing an ancient welcoming ceremony in his honour, and inviting the gods to bring 100 years of good luck and plentiful crops to your new home. End the ceremony by sacrificing a comely virgin on his bed using a Gillette Mach3 Turbo razorblade.

WHY IT'S BAD: Do you even know what a Mayan priest looks like? Do they even exist? Who cares, it's a bad idea, and this is why: mutter the wrong words, trip during your dance, or wear the wrong garment and you will accidentally invoke 100 years of celibacy and bad cafeteria food. Unless you are a World Religions major, you are better off not risking it. Besides, what makes you think you're going to find a virgin during Frosh Week?? Your only hope is to hang around Innis until you find one, but it's not worth the effort. Also, using the Mach 3 Turbo to kill her will just create a noisy and unsightly mess. The Gillette Venus razorblade can finish her off in a much more silky-smooth manner (with less noise too.)

BAD ICE-BREAKER: Scribe your favourite Old Testament bible passages by gluing Kellogg's Fruit Loops cereal onto the wall.

WHY IT'S BAD: Everyone loves a good bible passage, but which version to choose: the King James, the Bible for Dummies, the Erotic Bible? Here's an insider tip: the Old Testament is out. It's all about the Koran these days. Ask any Hollywood star what they're reading, and they'll say "I can't read", but if they could read, they'd be reading the Koran. You also have to consider the moral implications of wasting perfectly good Fruit Loops like this. Try using Bran Flakes: they taste like shit, and the rough texture will add a rugged artistic flair to your work.

BAD ICE-BREAKER: Walking into the room completely naked, while suspending a Hamlet-skull on your erect penis.

WHY IT'S BAD: Owning a Hamlet-skull is sure to impress your roommate but suspending it on your erect penis may make it seem like you're showing off. You may even create a competitive vibe between the two of you. Save this trick for a couple months down the road when you're more comfortable with each other's strengths and weaknesses. However, walking into the room naked is a good idea. All you need to do is substitute your Hamlet-skull with something a little less 'show-offy', like a dog's skull.

15 LAB



Finding the proper building takes time, but eventually you find the lab room. Too bad you're about fifteen minutes late. The instructor, a short round lady with a fierce attitude, meets you at the door. "You're late! Find a lab partner now," she barks. Looking around, you see only three people still without lab partners. The first is a meek looking skinny boy with thick spectacles, and a severe case of acne. He holds a calculator in one hand and a copy of the lab assignment in the other. He's clearly a geek, but he's sure to know how to run the experiment. Beside the geek is a very attractive member of the opposite sex. He/She winks at you and calls you over... perhaps he/she is looking for more than just a lab partner. The last person without a partner looks like he's hiding in the back corner. All you see is a glimpse of his blazing red eyes under a black hood. Who's it going to be?

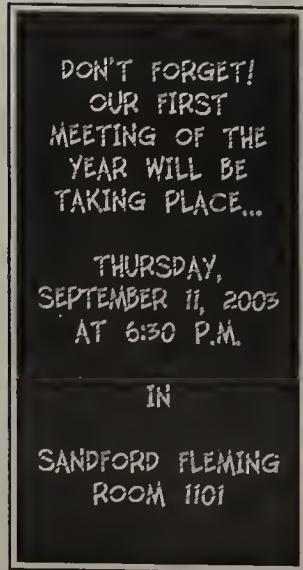
- I believe in the geek! Go to 20
- The hottie, enough said. Go to 2
- The dude has got the stuff. Go to 7

COMICS

Adventurer's Mark

BY KEVIN AU

For past episodes & commentary, please visit
<http://individual.utoronto.ca/kev>



First Draw:

"It's over before it even starts..."

Alex Wai | www.xoai@hotmail.com |



16 BEEF

You die. You die from all the crap you've been eating all these years. A salad once in a while could've helped. Although the cow is a funny-looking animal, beef is a serious matter, especially with the Mad Cow disease going around. All the money and energy you'll spend finishing your university degree will be deemed a complete waste when they find you dead by a hot-dog stand. Come on, don't act so sad. It's not like you didn't do it to yourself.

You Die

17 SHAME

The geek collects all the necessary chemicals for the experiment and tells you just to watch. He seems quite confident in his chemistry ability. "You know if we add a little more of everything, in proportion of course, we'll see a much better demonstration of the desired effect," he says. Before you can protest he has doubled all of the proportions and mixed everything in what is probably the largest beaker you've ever seen. The geek begins talking about Star Trek again. "Did you know Data has a brother?" Do I care? you think to yourself. "Shouldn't you be watching the experiment?" you ask him, noticing that the mixture has started to boil over the sides of the beaker. The geek seems quite surprised and a bit worried. "Oh, what... what's going on? This isn't supposed to be happening," he stammers. The mixture spills, starts sputtering and suddenly, BOOM, it explodes!!! The force of the blast propels you and the geek towards the wall. You both die on impact. SPLAT.

You Die

19 LECTURE

Sure enough, you're 10 minutes late for class when you arrive at the lecture room. As you open the door you are hit with a wave of humid air and a torrent of wild screams. Pandemonium! The entire room is in the midst of a vicious melee. It's every student for themselves and the winners get a seat. One unlucky student lands in front of you and clutches his abdomen in agony. He looks up at you with tears in his eyes and says "Go back. It's... not... worth..." His eyes glaze over and you think he might be dead. Damn, this looks dangerous. But if you jump in now, you might be able to get a seat!

- Do you fight for the last seat? Go to 4
- Skip lecture and go eat? Go to 5
- Wait a bit and attend your lab. Go to 15

Best Solo Performance in a Masturbatory Sequence

WHHHOOOOO!!! Oh my god. I'm speechless! I don't know what to say. I was thrilled just to be nominated, but to receive this honour... God. There are so many people I want to thank. I'm shaking, oh, I can't believe it.

yourself. Shawn, guy, this award should belong to you. You are the one I can always talk to, compared notes, and share resources with. Thanks for opening my eyes to anime porn. It just elevates my culture level and raises the experience up a notch. Shawn, I wouldn't be here without you. This is for you, buddy.

Oh god. I'm getting so emotional.

I also like to thank someone very special to me, Jenny. I know we've broken up now, but, baby, you are the love of my life and I know we'll be together again. Jen, I swear to you I think about you almost 80% of the time. And when I think about just me and you together on my bed, or on your bed, or in that New College dorm room you had in 2nd year or in my mom's van that one time, sweetie, it's just so intimate and so special. Baby, you fill my mind. Your breasts, your thighs, the way you bite your lip... God, I still respect you so much, Jen. When I jerk off thinking about other girls, I always add in a sexy nurse or a cute Japanese schoolgirl near the end, but baby, when I fantasize about you, there is no need for anyone else. You, Jen, YOU take me there.

How much more time do I have? Wrap it up? OK. There are just so many more people I need to thank.

I would like to thank this mIRC guy for having an amazing collection and a superb connection. You have no idea how hard it is to find a guy with the right taste out there in the down/uploading world. I am so grateful that you are almost always online and never cut me off from your connection when I'm downloading from you. You rock, man, you rock. Oh, I know I'm forgetting people. That hot lesbian couple I saw on Bloor Street a few weeks ago, you've played a tremendous role in my performance, and tonight, I thank you. That cute girl from that Second Cup on my way to class, you are also just spectacular. I especially thank you for telling me about your yoga classes. Knowing that you are so limber and flexible... you don't know what it does for me. Thanks Ms. Marshall, my grade 10 computer science teacher. I still get a flash of your blue skirt and those heels every time I think of Turing. I have to thank Jenna Jameson. You know, just for being yourself, enough said. And lastly, I want to thank Ricky Martin. I've always been a little... drawn to you, but because of social taboos and my own awkward sexual upbringings, I hate myself for even starting these homoerotic thoughts. Forcing the image of your thrusting hips out of my mind as I climax has been a secret habit of mine, and for that, I thank you.

Do I have more time? Don't play that awful "get off the stage" music yet, if I may, I'd like to thank a couple more people.

Shawn. You are my best friend in the world, man. I know you are rooting for me right now at home, probably having just performed

18 IMPORTED

You drink your over-priced beer with grace and pride. That is, until a bunch of bikers come in and make fun of your beer. When you finally stand up for yourself, you coincidentally lose consciousness. Where am I??

• Go to 12

CLASSIFIEDS**HELP WANTED**

HELL's Angels is recruiting in Toronto. Are you interested in womanizing, drugs, knife fights? Be at Romeo's @ Victoria Park & Lawrence, Saturday Night.

JESUS will come again! Deity Association of Ministers and Nuns needs street hecklers to stand on benches and harass heathens. Call Father Phil, 416-555-5134.

MALE nurses needed to empty my bedpan and milk my nipples. I am not wearing any pants. Call Jake, 416-555-0981.

NEED SOME FAST CASH? Millionaires club seeks 4 agile men 25-30 yrs for "hunting expedition" in northern Ontario - reasonable pay if still alive after 24hrs. Call 416-555-0900.

ORDER takers wanted for old buzzard to yell at. Exp. in getting the paper, moving out of the damn way, and shutting the hell up an asset! Call Chester, 416-555-7852.

POOL cleaner needed to entertain housewives' wine club from 1-3, Wednesdays. Must have own little jeans shorts. Call Cynthia, 905-555-2355, Thornhill.

SNAKE handlers needed for west-end gentleman's club/massage parlor. John, 905-555-5785

SOLID dude needed to take care of business. Call Steve, 416-555-2344.

MERCH FOR SALE

CARDASSIAN dictionary for sale. Enap gulad insadrang guireki Steve, 416-555-2766.

KEITH Richards' urine. Said to have healing properties. Can be used as aphrodisiac. May contain traces of heroin. Do not get in eyes. Call Mick 416-555-2978.

TONY Danza voodoo doll. Show him who's the boss. Stacey, 416-555-2653.

MERCH WANTED

HUMAN fetuses needed to slake my unquenchable thirst for stem cells. Call Chris, 415-555-3356.

SIAMESE fighting fish wanted for battle royale. Mine's called Andy. Eric, 416-555-0974.

SOILED nun robes wanted. Norman, 416-555-7722.

YOUR liver, with fava beans and a nice

Chianti. Slurp! Call Han the Can-man, 416-555-2353.

ZERG heacons needed to invade the Protoss homeworld. The Hivemind will triumph! Call Kerrigan, 416-555-ZERG.

CONNECTIONS

PAPE-DANFORTH Fully furnished bungalow. Share w/ 2 m, 1 f. Students pref. Every Monday we host a clown orgy, must be cool with that. Jim, Peter or Gizelle, after 7pm. 416-555-9923.

QUEEN-CHURCH There is sufficient room next to my incubator for a human being to rest comfortably. Call Qualkon, 416-555-7098.

WANT TO PLACE AN AD?
GO FUCK YOURSELF.

20 THE GEEK

You ask the geek if he needs a lab partner. "Well, I clearly don't NEED a lab partner, I can do it all by myself. You mean, 'Do I have a partner already?,' that would be more accurate," he replies obviously pleased for having corrected you. "Did you watch Star Trek last night? It was so cool! Captain Picard and this alien, Data, whom he couldn't communicate with had to fight with this shiny beast..." You roll your eyes and try to prepare yourself for what could be the dullest conversation of your life. Luckily the instructor interrupts the wannabe ensign. "OK, listen up! Today's experiment is to make polysulphur nitride. Follow the instructions closely." The geek perks up at hearing polysulphur nitride. "This is just a simple demonstration of a topochemical polymerization. Oh, this is so easy, I did this in my basement over the summer. We don't need the instructions, I'm sure I can make this much more interesting." While the geek very likely knows exactly what to do, you don't know if you should trust him to do all the work. After all, you're here to learn something for yourself too. Do you:

- Let the geek do the work. Go to 17
- Do it yourself. Go to 6

21 THE PUB

The moment you stepped into the pub, you became a lot less hungry and a lot more thirsty. Being the sensible person you are, you choose to drink beer. A couple of pints never hurt anybody. Looking around, you are reassured that it was a jolly good idea to come to a pub during the day - it's so much more spacious. None of that silly laughing, bad singing, heavy mingling, and public cleavage obnoxiousness you have to avoid at night. Sitting on a slightly clammy stool, you ask a motherly looking waitress for a beer. She gives you your choices, surprisingly articulate considering the two half-smoked cigarettes dangling from her mouth. Are you going to be cheap and buy domestic beer that tastes like piss; or are you going to be a snob and buy imported beer that tastes like piss?



- Domestic. Go to 12
- Imported. Go to 18

22 PSYCHEDELIC

You and the red-eyed dude leave the lab and find a quiet corner just south of Con Hall. He lights the joint and hands it to you. You take a long, long, long haul. Soon enough it hits you... did you always have purple scales?... don't remember them growing... must have... hey, he's spinning... red eyes in a circle... let's go swimming... the birds are huge... these scales must be good for something... they're coming this way... must warn the dude... where'd the scales go?... he's in grave danger... chickadee with a six foot wingspan... duck... quack, quack, quack... did you ever read that magazine?... he's just little worm... munch, munch... ohhh this stuff packs some punch... POW... need some food... sooo tired... hungry, hungry, hungry... eat a worm? No... chips? a) Eat lights?" b) Sleep - go to 12. "lights, camera, action" - hot dogs... dot hogs... hot gods... shot dog still reading? Make a choice.

Busy Busy Apple Pie**Bigfoot Commences Suicidal Rampage**

46 DEAD, 180 WOUNDED

"FUCKIN' COOL!", SAYS LOCAL TEENAGER

seven city blocks, and caused over two million dollars in damages.

"They were like screaming for help and shit and firing their guns everywhere," Murphy said, "and it was like in *Aliens*, but all Bigfoot! He was like popping out of manhole covers, draggin' a guy down, and smashing through plate-glass windows and shit. What an amazing badass."

"My favorite part was when he blew up the helicopter with the missile launcher, like in *Black Hawk Down*," said local witness Edward Cassista. "But it was way cooler cuz I was standing, like five feet away from it! I can't believe that I'm saying this, but it was even cooler than when they rescued Morpheus in *The Matrix One*," Cassista added. Cassista is currently being treated for third degree burns to ninety percent of his body. He is not expected to survive the night.

"I knew the fight was over when they chased him into the burning church," another witness said. "Guys started going in and their bodies would come flying out the windows and shit. When they accidentally blew apart that Hail Mary statue though, man, that pissed Bigfoot off big time."

According to local accounts, Bigfoot was seen entering the suburbs east of the city wielding an AK-47 rifle, clad in a red bandana emblazoned with a Japanese rising sun emblem. For the next forty-five minutes, Bigfoot commenced a slaughtering of inhuman proportions. Sixteen people are believed to have been killed, and forty-six wounded by the rampaging sasquatch.

When asked about Bigfoot, local teenager Audie Murphy said:

"Fuckin' cool! Bigfoot was fucking awesome. You ever see *Predator*? The Predator had nothing on him yo, nothing. Bigfoot was twice as fast, and at least ten times as deadly. SWAT teams were coming in, and he was just blowin' them away!"

Bigfoot led special force teams in a deadly game of cat and mouse. He laid down a swath of death and destruction everywhere he turned. The battle encompassed thirty-

Eventually, the burning church collapsed in on itself, while killing everyone inside. Autopsy reports show that Bigfoot shot himself in the head before he went down in a literal blaze of glory. Local police reports estimate that Bigfoot could have easily killed Antonio Banderas in *Desperado* and maybe John McClane. It is also agreed upon that he could have taken on two T-800s at once and would have survived as well.

Robert M.

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